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william van horn

TRACKER

the meager millions caper

color by Barbara Marker

book one of four

TRACKER

A Few Things You Should Know.

. . . so I get a call the other day from Canada. *(No, not the whole country.)* It's Bill Van Horn, and he's got an idea for this mini-series based on a hard-boiled detective set in the days just before WW II.

Well, I'm always happy to see anything from Bill. Those of you familiar with his strip, *NERVOUS REX,* know how good he is - a wit drier than the Gobi Desert, and an art style that's funky and fresh and just-gosh-darned-cute at the same time. Add the fact his work is ALWAYS in ahead of schedule and you've got an editor's dream. *(Matter of fact, he called me one time to abjectly apologize because an issue of REX would be delivered only six weeks before deadline, instead of the usual eight. We're talking dedicated, kids.)*

So the package with his new project arrives. Something called *TRACKER.* I decide a few minutes can be set aside to skim it, and save the real reading for later. Well, twenty minutes later I'm into my second reading of it. *(Bill's stuff is like that.)*

But this isn't like Bill's other stuff — I mean, it does have the usual Van Horn humor and style — but this is different. It's serious. It has an honest-to-Walter-Cronkite message, and it's REAL good. And it got better the next time I read it. My publisher agreed this was definitely something worth taking a shot on, even in these crazy times. Now you hold the finished product.

Now I need a favor from you. I need you to TELL someone about this book. Anyone. Your buddies, your mom, your teacher, the guy at the gas station...whatever. Because Bill Van Horn suffers from one of the greatest injustices in the comics industry — he is underread. This is a serious tragedy that YOU have the power to correct. Yes, you CAN make a difference. If you can show just one person the magic of Bill's work, then they'll pass it on, and so on,and so on...

Just think — only one easy step to Total World Harmony.

The choice, the obligation, is yours.

God bless you.

John

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the times

· FRIDAY JUNE 10, 1938 · · DAILY 5 CENTS

MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST DEAD

A. THANATOPSIS MEAGER DIES MYSTERIOUSLY AT AGE 116 ••

A. THANATOPSIS MEAGER

I SUPPOSE LIFE CAN BE COUNTED ON TO OFFER UP SMALL MERCIES FROM TIME TO TIME.

TO SMOTHER US AND MAINTAIN OUR BLISSFUL IGNORANCE OF THE OFTEN CAPRICIOUS FATE THAT LIES IN STORE.

I HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING ON THAT BRIGHT JUNE DAY THAT THE ABOVE HEADLINE WAS TO BE THE OVERTURE TO MY LAST BIG CAPER.

MY LAST HURRAH AS THE GOLDEN BOY OF THE MEDIA.
ME. TRACKER.
THE DARLING OF THE PREWAR PUBLIC. THE GREATEST HARD BOILED DICK OF THEM ALL. THE GUY WHO MADE SAM SPADE LOOK LIKE A PUSSY CAT. A TWO FISTED CRIME BUSTER WHO HAD IT ALL ON THE DAY THAT OLD MAN MEAGER WENT DOWN THE CHUTE !
LIFE
TIME
CBS
RING-ING-ING-ING

TRACKER

book one: the meager millions caper

by william van horn

BREVITY'S REQUIREMENTS ALWAYS WERE MODEST WHERE MY BODY WAS CONCERNED.

WHICH WAS A SHAME WHEN YOU CONSIDERED THAT SHE WAS NOW WORTH SOMEWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF FIFTY MILL- COURTESY OF THE LATE AND PRESUMABLY LAMENTED A. THANATOPSIS . . .

WHAT I COULD DO. AS IT TURNED OUT, WAS TO HAUL MY WELL PRAISED CARCASS OVER TO THE MEAGER ESTATE.

WHICH I DID — FORTHWITH!

THERE WERE A LOT OF 'VERYS' ABOUT BREVITY MEAGER. SHE WAS VERY YOUNG —

VERY LOVELY —

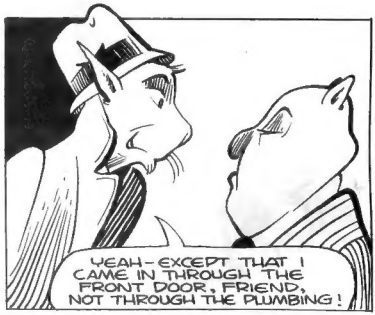
VERY WEALTHY, OF COURSE —

AND, IF MY LIGHTNING EYE FOR SUBTLTY WAS EVEN HALF RIGHT, A VERY **WORRIED** LADY INDEED.

AND I COULDN'T BEGIN TO IMAGINE WHY!

AS I LIVED AND BREATHED IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN ARMAND PASHA. THE FORMER SEWING MACHINE SALESMAN CUM MOVIE PRODUCER WHOSE TASTE IN FILM WAS ON A PAR WITH HIS PENCHANT FOR A FAST BUCK...

NO NEED TO WONDER WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE, IS THERE, PASHA. LIKE AN ANT TO A FRESH MARSHMALLOW, RIGHT?
I NOTICE YOU'RE RIGHT FRONT AND CENTER YOURSELF, TRACKER.



WHICH REMINDS ME, SWEETHEART — WHY AM I HERE? I'M A LOUSEY PLUMBER!
BREVITY EXCUSED US AND EXPLAINED WHY...
LOOK, HONEY BUN — THE ONLY THING MYSTERIOUS ABOUT YOUR UNCLE'S FEENEE WAS THAT IT DIDN'T HAPPEN THIRTY YEARS AGO!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, TRACKER. UNCLE WAS FOUND IN THE SWIMMING POOL.
SO? IT'S A GREAT WAY TO STAY IN SHAPE, ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN!
BUT UNCLE NEVER USED THE POOL. HE COULDN'T SWIM. IN FACT, WATER DISGUSTED HIM.
HE SAID FISH MADE LOVE IN IT!
FUNNY MAN. SO YOU THINK SOMEONE GAVE HIM A TERMINAL BAPTISM, IS THAT IT?
IT'S CROSSED MY MIND TWO OR THREE TIMES, YES.
LOOK, BREVITY — YOU'RE THE SOLE HEIR. THE ONLY ONE. WHO STOOD TO BENEFIT BY YOUR UNCLE'S DEATH, RIGHT?
RIGHT.

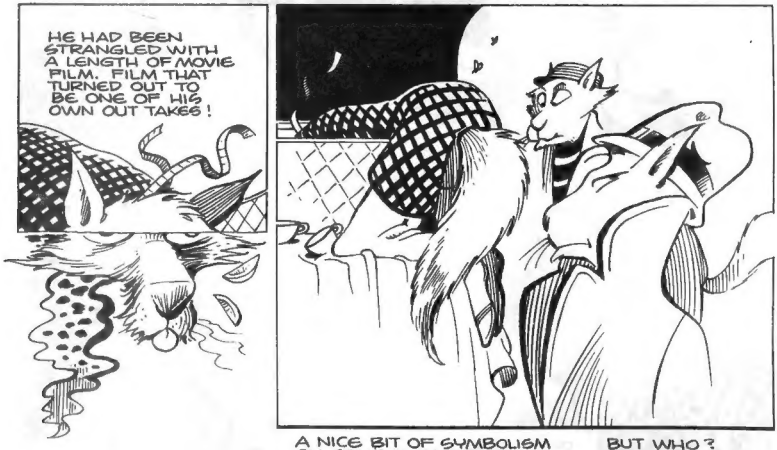
WELL IF YOU DIDN'T DO THE OLD BOY IN—
YOU DIDN'T DID YOU ?
I LOVED MY UNCLE.
YEAH. WELL IF YOU DIDN'T— DO IN UNCLE. I MEAN—WHO ELSE WOULD ?
THAT'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT. THERE'S GOING TO BE A RECEPTION HERE TOMORROW AFTER THE FUNERAL.
JUST COME, TRACKER.
SNIFF AROUND—
PLEASE ?
FOR OLD TIMES SAKE ?
IN MY GAME YOU HAD TO EXPECT THE OCCAGIONAL FUNERAL. AND AS LONG AS IT WASN'T MINE, I WAS ABLE TO COPE.
MAXIE AND I ARRIVED A BIT LATE.
MAXIE, IN CASE I NEGLECTED TO MENTION IT, WAS A HOLD OVER FROM ONE OF MY FIRST BIG CASES. A REFORMED BURGLAR WITH A HEART OF GOLD. . .
AND A TOOTH TO MATCH !
MAXIE WAS ALWAYS ON HAND, OR UNDER FOOT DEPENDING ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

ANYWAY, THE PARTY WAS IN FULL SWING BY THE TIME WE GOT THERE. I HAD TO HAND IT TO OLD THANATOPSIS. HE KNEW HOW TO GO OUT IN STYLE.
THE RECEPTION WAS NICE TOO.
BIG SHOTS EVERYWHERE. AND SOME LITTLE ONES, TOO. TWO OF WHOM SEEMED TO BE HAVING A FEW CHOICE WORDS...
BOYS, BOYS! DONT SQUABBLE. THERE'S PLENTY OF GRIEF TO GO AROUND.
BACK AGAIN, EH, GUM SHOE?
US BAD PENNIES GOTTA STICK TOGETHER, PASHA.
WHO'S YOUR RED FACED FRIEND?
VON DER BABBLE'S THE NAME. ROGER VON DER BABBLE.
ROGER VON DER BABBLE, OF COURSE, THE TWO BIT 'C' MOVIE ACTOR WHO WAS MORE OFTEN OUT OF WORK THAN IN.
OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMILY?
AN OLD FRIEND OF BREVITY TRACKER, IF THAT'S ANY BUSINESS OF YOURS!
I DRUM UP BUSINESS ANYWHERE I CAN, BABS. KEEP IN TOUCH.

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A BIT MORE CAREFUL WITH MY INVITATIONS. BECAUSE FIVE MINUTES LATER SOMEONE KEPT IN TOUCH ALL RIGHT . . .

WHEN I FINALLY MANAGED TO CRAWL OUT OF DREAMLAND, MAXIE WAS ALL OVER ME LIKE SCALES ON A FISH . . .

ROGER VUN DER BABBLE WAS FLOATING FACE DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ENORMOUS BOWL OF PUNCH . . .

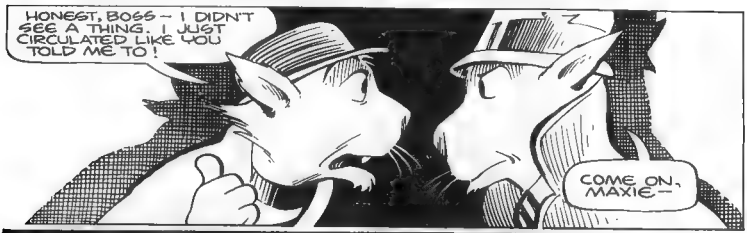


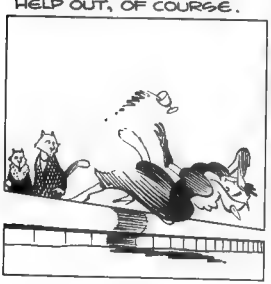
A NICE BIT OF SYMBOLISM ON SOMEONE'S PART!

BUT WHO? AND WHY?

THE COPS HAD BEEN CALLED, OF COURSE, AND WHILE I WAS DETERMINING THAT MY HEAD WAS STILL ABOUT NINETY PERCENT INTACT . . .
LIEUTENANT MANX WALKED IN.
MANX HAD NEVER BEEN ONE OF MY FAVORITE PEOPLE.
BUT THEN COPS AND PRIVATE DICKS NEVER WERE KNOWN TO KISS THE GROUND EACH OTHER WALKED ON . . .
LITTLE TOO MUCH WHOOPEE, TRACKER?
YEAH, LIEUTENANT, THE PARTY WAS A REAL KNOCKOUT!
OF COURSE YOU HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHAT HAPPENED.
SURE I DO, MANX—
THERE'S A DEAD GUY IN THE PUNCH BOWL. I SPOTTED IT RIGHT AWAY!

WHILE MANX AND HIS BOYS WERE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT A BOWL OF PUNCH WAS DOING AT A FUNERAL RECEPTION, MAXIE AND I ENGAGED IN A LITTLE CHIN MUSIC OF OUR OWN . . .




MISS BREVITY FAINTED AND FELL INTO THE SWIMMING POOL. AND EVERYONE – YOU KNOW – RUSHED OVER TO MARVEL AT THE SIGHT. AND HELP OUT, OF COURSE.

BUZZ DUESENBERG.
BREVITY'S LONG LOST PARAMOUR. THE ONE WHO'D BEEN AWAY FOR EIGHT YEARS STUDYING MEDICINE ON EASTER ISLAND.
OH, BUZZ! BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ---
THE ONE THAT BREVITY WAS SLOBBERING OVER LIKE A STARVLING WITH A HUNK OF RAW LIVER!
WHEN DID YOU BLOW INTO TOWN, DUESENBERG?
HEY! I'LL ASK ALL THE QUESTIONS THAT NEED TO BE ASKED AROUND HERE, TRACKER!
WELL, DUESENBERG, WHEN DID YOU?
JUST NOW, OFFICER. I CAME AS SOON AS I HEARD ABOUT POOR BREVITY'S DEAR UNCLE. I'VE TRAVELED NIGHT AND DAY!
OH, BUZZ! IT'S JUST LIKE THE SONG! THANK GOD YOU'RE BACK!
BREVITY - MY SWEET LITTLE BREVITY.
THERE WAS SOMETHING JUST A MITE PECULIER ABOUT BREVITY'S OVER EAGER RESPONSE TO THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A LOVER WHO HADN'T BEEN ON THE SCENE FOR EIGHT YEARS.
OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND WAS ONE OLD SAYING THAT POPPED INTO MY HEAD. ANY PORT IN A STORM WAS ANOTHER!

ALL OF WHICH LEAD ME TO BELIEVE THAT THERE WERE A FEW BEANS THAT DEAR YOUNG BREVITY HADN'T SPILLED!
SOMETIMES IT HURTS TO LOOK BACK ON THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR AND SEE MYSELF PICKING UP EACH SPILLED BEAN, EXAMINING IT, AND COAXING IT'S LITTLE STORY OUT INTO THE LIGHT OF DAY.
HA!
1935
1930
1037
38
GOD. I WAS A DINOSAUR AND DIDN'T KNOW IT!
TROUBLE WAS, THE ONLY CHRYSTAL BALL I HAD WAS A MIRROR, AND ALL I COULD EVER SEE WAS MY OWN SELF SATISFIED MUG STARING STUPIDLY OFF INTO AN UNLIMITED AND UNCHANGING FUTURE.
AH, THE VAGERIES OF YOUTH!
ANYWAY, AFTER MANX AND HIS MERRY MINIONS HAD HAULED AWAY THE WRECKAGE, I SENT MAXIE HOME . . .
THEN YOURS TRUELY DECIDED THAT IT WAS HIGH TIME FOR A STIFF DOSE OF THE TRUTH!
KNOCK KNOCK

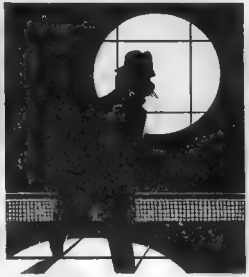
YES?
IT'S ME, SWEETHEART.
TRACKER! I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE.
I WANT SOME ANSWERS, LOVE. NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY.
WHAT KIND OF ANSWERS?
STRAIGHT ONES FOR A CHANGE.
LIKE WHY ALL THE HOT BREATH OVER DUESENBERG FOR STARTERS?
BUZZ AND I ARE ENGAGED, TRACKER. YOU KNOW THAT.
CAN IT, BREVITY. THIS IS ME YOU'RE TALKIN' TO. WE HAD OUR OWN LITTLE TETE A TETE A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK, REMEMBER?
THEN THERE WAS THE BUICK SALESMAN-
ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT.
AND?
BUZZ HAS BEEN GONE EIGHT YEARS. THAT'S A LONG TIME.
I'M DEEPLY TOUCHED.

OH ALL RIGHT, DAMMIT! IF YOU MUST KNOW – I WAS INVOLVED WITH ROGER VON DER BABBLE!
VON DER BABBLE? YOU?
I GUESS I WAS GETTING A BIT DESPERATE AT THAT.
THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT! BUT WHY VON DER BABBLE, FOR CRISSAKE?
HE WAS CHARMING – AND AVAILABLE.
SWEETHEART – AVAILABLE WAS VON DER BABBLE'S MIDDLE NAME! BETWEEN FILMS FOR HIM WAS A WAY OF LIFE!
I GUESS YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES I JUST DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW ABOUT IT.
IF I WERE YOU I'D HAVE FELT THAT WAY UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.
HOW'D YOU MEET HIM?
A PARTY . . .
AS I LISTENED THE SLIME BEGAN TO THICKEN. OR TO PUT IT ANOTHER WAY – A COUPLE OF THOSE BEANS I WAS TALKING ABOUT HAD BEGUN TO SING OUT.
HALLELUIAH!

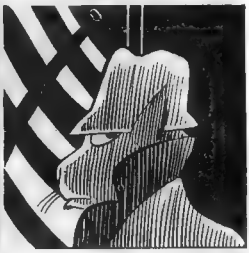
ZZZzz
RING-ING-IN
YEAH— WHOZIT ?
TRACKER ! BOSS, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE HELL TIME IT IS ?
WELL, THE BIG HANDS ON...
YEAH !
NOW ? IT'S TWO INNA MORNIN' !
OKAY - OKAY... NOW...
JEEZ...
HELLO— MORRIS ?

I BID BREVITY GOOD-NIGHT AND TOLD HER I'D LET MYSELF OUT.

ONLY I LIED. I LEFT MYSELF IN—



FOUND A CONVENIENT NICHE IN THE HALL OUTSIDE HER ROOM AND HUNKERED DOWN.



IT WAS ONLY A HUNCH, MIND YOU—BUT I'D ALWAYS BEEN A BALL OF FIRE WHERE HUNCHES WERE CONCERNED.

AND I WAS ALMOST CERTAIN THERE'D BE SOME FIRST CLASS ACTION IN THE MEAGER HOUSEHOLD THAT NIGHT, AND I WANTED TO BE FRONT AND CENTER.

SO I WAITED . . .

AND WAITED . . .

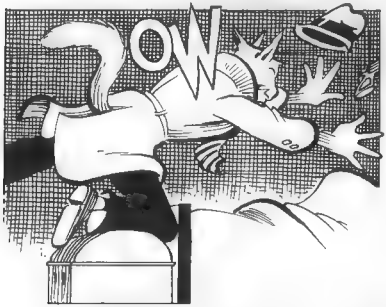
AND WAITED SOME MORE!

ZZZZZZ
BINGO!
CREAK
EEEEEK
IT WAS GOING DOWN JUST ABOUT LIKE I FIGURED IT WOULD - AND IF I WAS RIGHT...

I CHARGED INTO BREVITY'S BOUDOIR LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN . . .

I SHOULD HAVE MADE IT A LOCAL. THOUGH, BECAUSE I WENT TOO FAR—

TRIPPED OVER BREVITY'S HOPE CHEST—



AND WENT WHOOPSEE!

IN THE MEANTIME, THE BAD GUY PUT AN EGG IN EACH SHOE AND BEAT THE HELL OUT OF THEM . . .

I HOBBLED ALONG BEHIND YELLING LIKE A RUPTURED BANSHEE . . .

IT WAS A RINGING SPEECH. THE ONLY TROUBLE WAS—ALL I COULD DO WAS POINT MY FINGER AT THE RETREATING FIGURE.

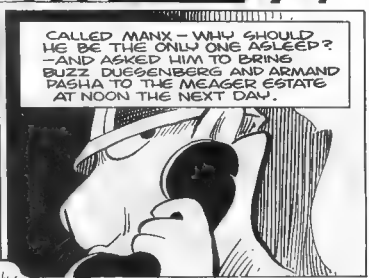
BECAUSE MY ROSCOE WAS **GONE!**

PROBABLY TANGLED UP SOMEWHERE IN BREVITY'S BEDSPREAD!

WHICH MEANT IT WAS HERO TIME!
I HAD MANAGED TO TAP DANCE ABOUT SIX STEPS ACROSS THE OLD SLATE ROOF, WHEN SUDDENLY . . .
YIPE!
I STUMBLED . . .
I SLID . . .
I GRABBED . . .
AND I HUNG ON FOR DEAR LIFE; PRAYING TO ALL OF THE GODS WEST OF WISCONSIN THAT THE VINE WOULD HOLD!
SOME HERO!
THE BAD GUY, OF COURSE, GOT AWAY.

AND IF I HADN'T BEEN SO BUSY SAVING MY PRECIOUS HIDE, I MIGHT HAVE HAD TIME TO RECOGNIZE THE WRY SYMBOLISM OF THE MOMENT.

THE GREAT HARD BOILED DICK WAS, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, ON THE ROPES.


CALLED MANX – WHY SHOULD HE BE THE ONLY ONE ASLEEP? –AND ASKED HIM TO BRING BUZZ DUESENBERG AND ARMAND PASHA TO THE MEAGER ESTATE AT NOON THE NEXT DAY.

THEN I WENT BACK TO THE OFFICE AND COLLAPSED LIKE A WET SACK.

ALL THE STARS OF OUR LITTLE DRAMA WERE PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR WHEN MAXIE AND I ARRIVED . . .
I'M GONNA MAKE THIS AS SHORT AND SWEET AS I CAN. GANG! OLD MAN MEAGER WAS MURDERED!
MURDERED?
WHO SAYS?
YOU'RE NUTS, TRACKER!
PLEASE, PLEASE. IF YOU WILL JUST CALM DOWN AND BE QUIET — ALL WILL BE REVEALED!
THE FIRST QUESTION I FACED IN THIS AFFAIR WAS OBVIOUS: WHO HAD THE MOTIVE TO KILL THE OLD MAN? THE ANSWER WAS EQUALLY OBVIOUS: HIS NIECE, BREVITY — SHE INHERITS!
BUT ROGER VON DER BABBLE ALSO BIT THE DUST. WHY? WHAT WAS HIS CONNECTION WITH THE MEAGERS?
THAT ONE REALLY HAD ME STUMPED. THEN BREVITY ADMITTED TO ME THAT SHE AND DARLING ROGER HAD BEEN HAVING A LITTLE DO.
BREVITY!
EASE OFF, DOC. YOUR ARRIVAL ON THE SCENE WAS ALMOST TOO PERFECT. IT'S USUALLY THE BAD GUY WHO SHOWS UP LATE AND OSTENTATIOUSLY INNOCENT! — MAYBE AFTER EIGHT YEARS YOU'D DECIDED TO BECOME THE JEALOUS LOVER!
NONSENSE!
EXACTLY.

WHICH LEAVES US WITH BREVITY AND ARMAND PASHA.
YOU'RE OFF YOUR CONK, TRACKER! I DIDN'T BUMP OFF THE OLD MAN!
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU DIDN'T!
ARE YOU SAYING THAT I—
NO, SWEETHEART. VON DER BABBLE KILLED YOUR UNCLE.
VON DER BABBLE? THEN WHO RUBBED HIM?
ARMAND PASHA! WHO ELSE?
GET OUTTA TOWN, TRACKER. WHY WOULD I KILL ROGER?
YOU BETTER LAY IT ALL OUT, TRACKER - AND IT BETTER BE GOOD!
DON'T WORRY, MANX. YOU'LL LOVE IT!

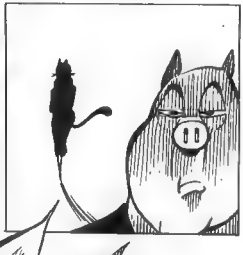
AN INTRIGUING IDEA. ONLY WITH YOUR LESS THAN SAVORY REPUTATION, PASHA, RAISING THE DOUGH TO DO IT WAS PROVING TO BE MORE THAN JUST A LITTLE DIFFICULT.

THAT'S WHEN YOU ZEROED IN ON BREVITY.

UNCLE WAS A HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN. HE WOULDN'T LAST FOREVER.

AND POOR RICH LITTLE BREVITY WOULD BE A SOFT TOUCH FOR A SMOOTH OPERATOR LIKE YOU.

ONLY BREVITY WOULDN'T BUY, WOULD SHE?



SO, ENTER ROGER VON DER BABBLE – AN OUT OF WORK ACTOR WITH DREAMS OF STARDOM!

PASHA CONVINCED THE POOR SOD TO ROMANCE BREVITY. GET HER TO LOOSEN UP A BIT IN THE BUCKS DEPARTMENT.
BE MORE RECEPTIVE TO A LITTLE FLYER IN THE FLICKS. ROGER'S PROMISED REWARD WAS TO BE THE LEAD IN THE FILM.
PASHA WOULD MAKE HIM A STAR!
SO ROGER ROMANCED. AND, MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE – HE SUCCEEDED!
BUT THEN HE GOT GREEDY. WHY WAIT FOR THE OLD MAN TO KICK OFF? WHY NOT HELP HIM ALONG?
AFTER THAT OUR DEAR ROGER HAD AN EVEN BETTER IDEA. WHY NOT JUST MARRY BREVITY AND BE A RICH OUT OF WORK ACTOR INSTEAD OF A POOR ONE?
IN FACT, WHY BE AN ACTOR AT ALL?
SO HE TOLD PASHA TO TAKE A FLYING LEAP, RIGHT?
AT THE FUNERAL RECEPTION. AND THAT WAS MORE THAN PASHA COULD TOLERATE!

THE REST WAS FAIRLY SIMPLE.
WAP
I GOT SAPPED—
BREVITY GOT THE MICKEY WHICH SENT HER REELING INTO THE POOL—
AND VON DER BABBLE WENT BYE BYE!

A NICE FAIRY TALE, TRACKER. MAYBE I OUGHTA HAVE YOU WRITE MY PICTURES!
HE'S RIGHT. THE BRUSH OFF DOESN'T SEEM LIKE MUCH OF A MOTIVE TO ME, TRACKER!
OH— DID I FORGET TO MENTION?
MAXIE DID A LITTLE CHECKING WITH ONE OF HIS PROMINENT SHARKIE PALS— AND GUESS WHAT?
PASHA WAS IN TO THOSE BOYS FOR TEN GRAND IN DEVELOPMENT MONEY!
PLUS A HEFTY COMPOUNDING INTEREST!
AND TIME WAS GETTING MIGHTY EXPENSIVE, WASN'T IT, SWEETIE?
CLICK

THE LOOSE ENDS? WELL, IT HAD BEEN DASHA, OF COURSE, WHO DID THE NOCTURNAL NUMBER ON BREVITY THAT NEARLY SETTLED MY HASH. SHE WAS THE LINK. A DETAIL TO BE CLEARED UP—

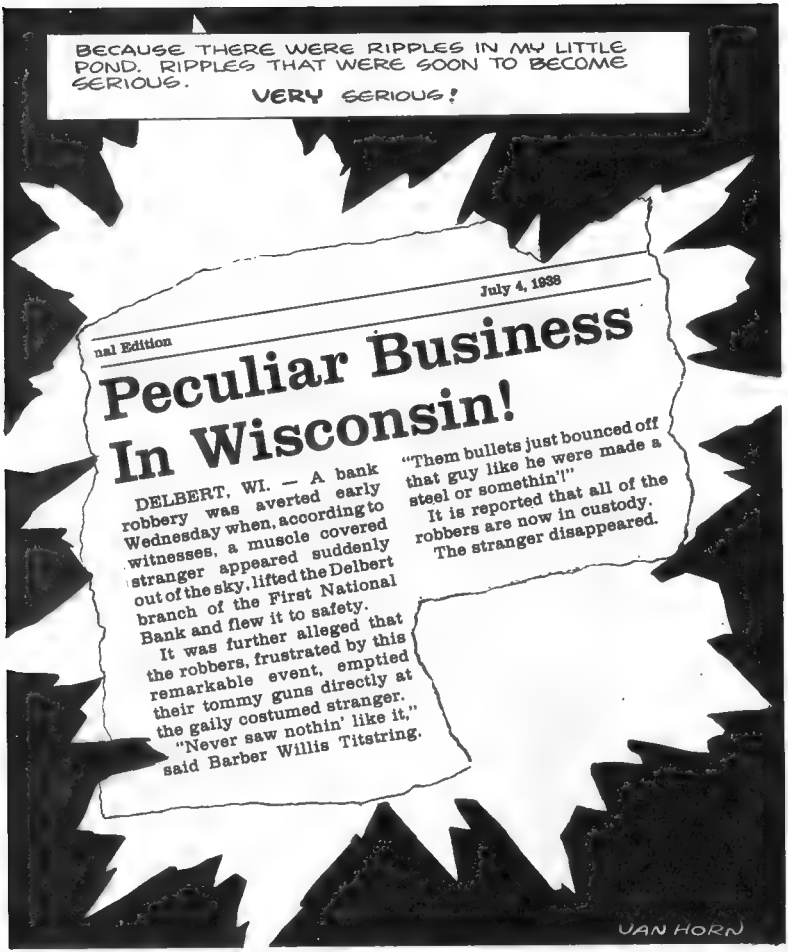
FOR BREVITY IT WAS A HAPPY ENDING. SHE AND DUESENBERG PICKED UP WHERE THEY HAD LEFT OFF.

YEAH. ONLY IT DIDN'T HAPPEN. I GUESS I'D BEEN TOO BUSY MAKING A BUCK AND BASKING IN GLORY TO NOTICE THAT THE WORLD WAS CHANGING PRETTY FAST IN THOSE YEARS.

EUROPE WAS KNUCKLING UNDER TO SOME NUT NAMED KITLER - AND ASIA WAS GOING CRACKERS!

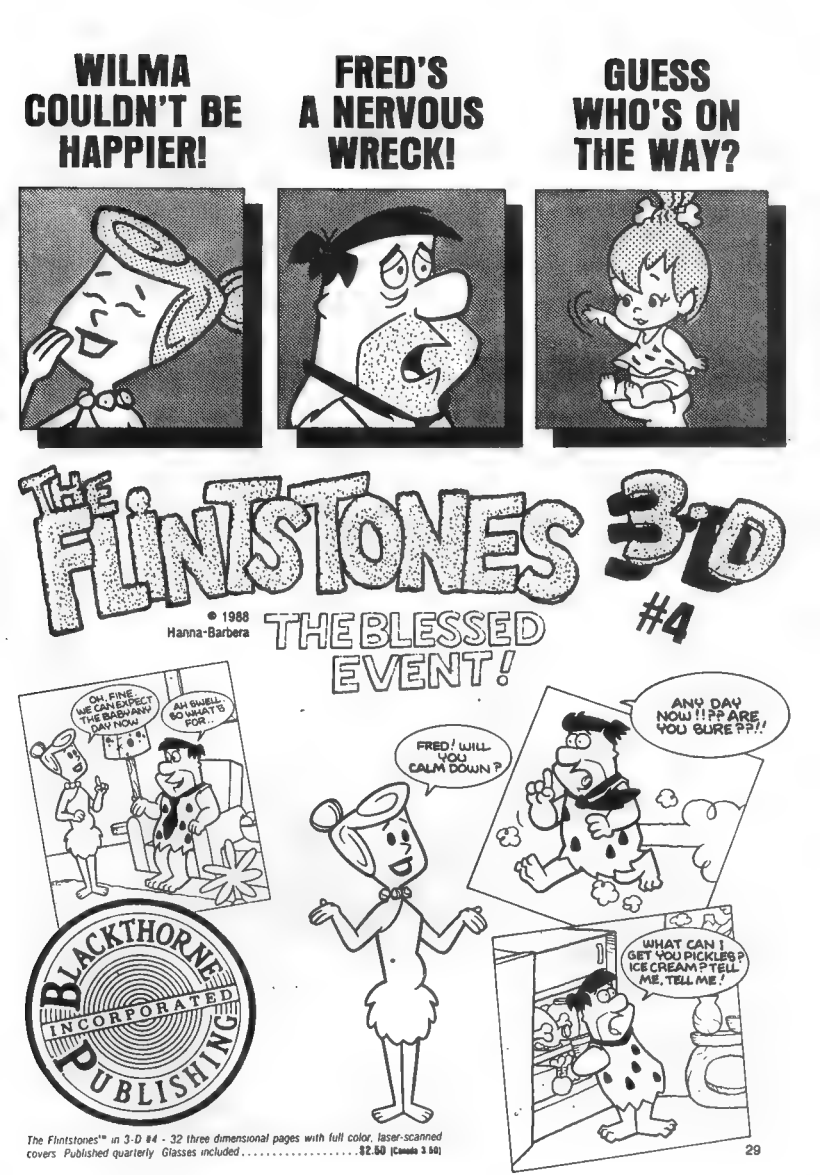
BIG EVENTS THAT WERE GRABBING MY LIMELIGHT. EVENTS THAT WERE MAYBE GOING TO CALL FOR GREATER DEEDS AND BIGGER HEROES?

I WONDERED.


BECAUSE THERE WERE RIPPLES IN MY LITTLE POND. RIPPLES THAT WERE SOON TO BECOME SERIOUS.
VERY SERIOUS!
nal Edition
July 4, 1938
Peculiar Business In Wisconsin!
DELBERT, WI. — A bank robbery was averted early Wednesday when, according to witnesses, a muscle covered stranger appeared suddenly out of the sky, lifted the Delbert branch of the First National Bank and flew it to safety.
It was further alleged that the robbers, frustrated by this remarkable event, emptied their tommy guns directly at the gaily costumed stranger.
"Never saw nothin' like it," said Barber Willis Titstring.
"Them bullets just bounced off that guy like he were made a steel or somethin'!"
It is reported that all of the robbers are now in custody.
The stranger disappeared.
VAN HORN

next:

the musclebreath plague


WILMA COULDN'T BE HAPPIER!
FRED'S A NERVOUS WRECK!
GUESS WHO'S ON THE WAY?
THE FLINTSTONES 3-D #4
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THE BLESSED EVENT!
OH, FINE. WE CAN EXPECT THE BABY ANY DAY NOW.
AH SWELL. SO WHAT'S FOR..
FRED! WILL YOU CALM DOWN?
ANY DAY NOW!!?? ARE YOU SURE???!
WHAT CAN I GET YOU PICKLES? ICE CREAM? TELL ME, TELL ME!
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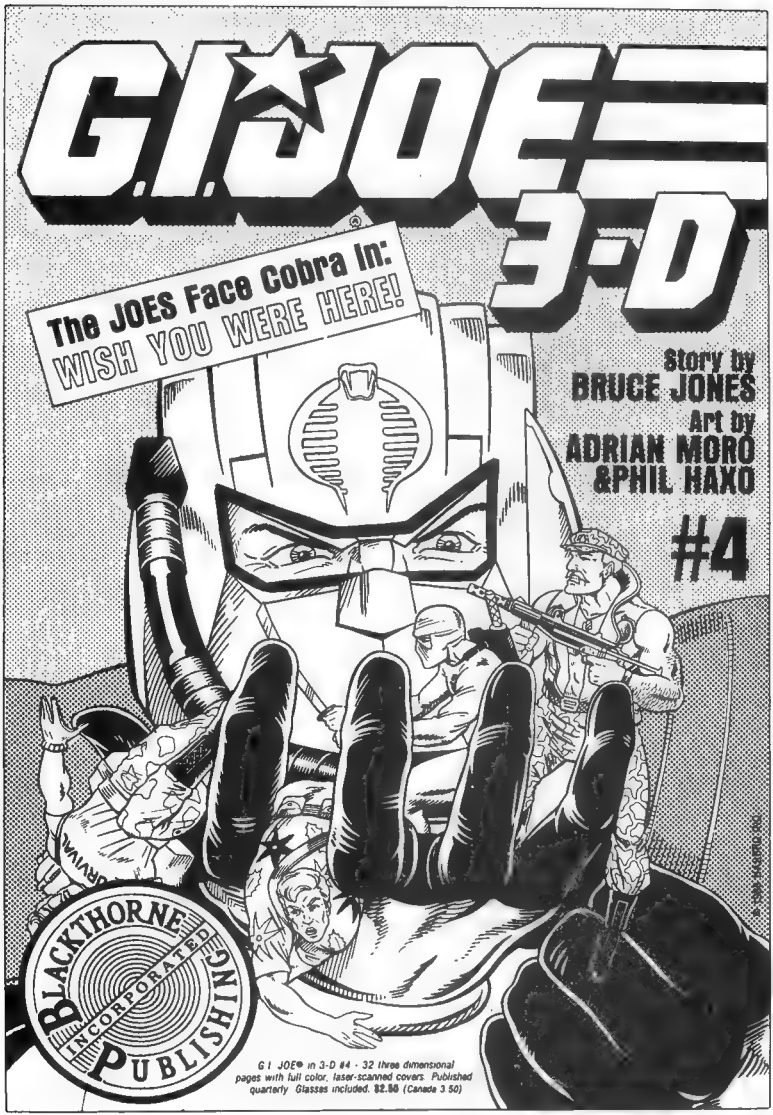
G.I. JOE
3-D
The JOES Face Cobra In:
WISH YOU WERE HERE!
Story by
BRUCE JONES
Art by
ADRIAN MORO
&PHIL HAXO
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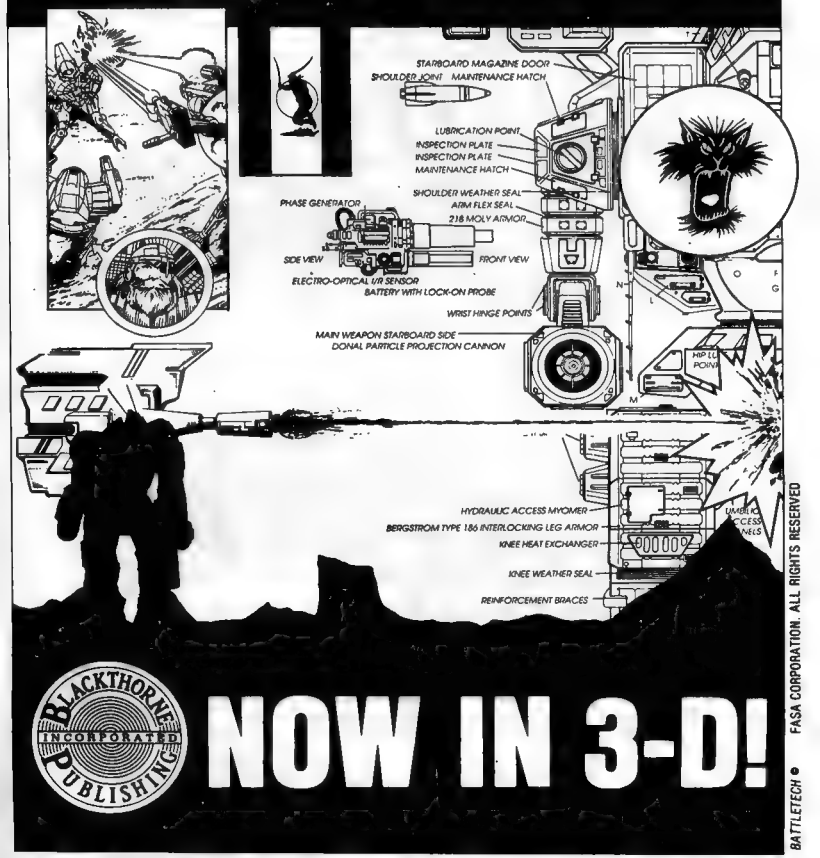

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NO TIME TO SELL THE HORSES, I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE...
IF YOU'RE TOO LAZY TO FEED THEM, I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO IT MYSELF!
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DAUGHTER?
THE HORSES HAVE BEEN FED! FLAMINGO, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
PAPA, WE NEED MONEY. I'M GOING TO GET IT.
DRESSED LIKE THAT? NO! YOU GO TO THE CITY! YOU GO TO SHAME YOURSELF!
Flamingo
THANK GOD, A HUMAN VOICE! I'M IN A CAVE, SOMEWHERE IN A FUTURE TEXAS! I KNOW THIS SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT I'M NOT FROM THIS DECADE! I'M FROM THE YEAR 1987! SOMEHOW I--
B-BUT THIS IS THE YEAR 1987...
DID WE JUST GET HIT BY A TRUCK OR AM I STILL DEAD FROM THE GALAS BEATING?
LARRY...OH LARRRRYYYYY!!!
WHERE'D YOU GET THE COSTUME, LARRY?
UH... I MEANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THAT...
SECRET CIRCLE
Hunt Bowman &
The LOST WORLD

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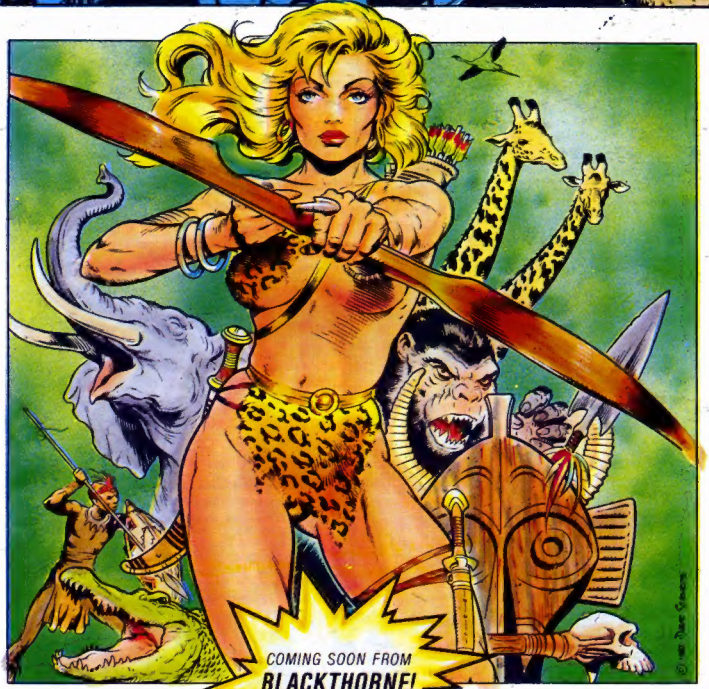

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Queen of the Jungle!

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